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THE SALON OF 1880.

(Concluded from page 495.¹)



THE ASSASSINATION OF MARAT. — BY J. J. WEERTZ.

From the "Gazette des Beaux-Arts."

EXEMPTS. — Until now Correggio, Velasquez, and Rembrandt were called naturalists, because, as opposed to those schools in which style predominated, they represented the spontaneous and sincere study of nature. But, however the term may be warped from its etymological meaning, we must nevertheless abstain — for the sake of sparing legitimate sensibilities — from applying it to the large mass of artists who hold that, in painting, truth consists in rendering the harmonies of form and of light as they appear to a healthy eye. Consequently the modern school — in its viable elements — cannot be called naturalistic, although we may say of it that it is devoted, above all else, to the search for truth. This tendency is prominently manifested in the second section of French painting, which is

situated half-way up the heights of official success and honors. Higher up its advantages are sometimes contested by glorious fidelity to the past, while lower down it often grows indistinct through being lost in the crowd of the inexperienced. And this will explain why it is that among the *exempts* those branches of art which exact the greatest devotion to nature, that is to say, portraiture and landscape painting, offer in their *ensemble* the most precious qualities.

Look, for instance, at the works of some of the best among the portrait-painters, Comerre, Jules Badin, Albert Aublet, Destrem, Vély, Mathey, Rosetti, Jules Bernard, Doucet, Wagrez, Alexandre Hirsch, Besnard, — all of whom have succeeded in giving the expression, the glance, the smile, nay even the very life-breath, of the ladies whose portraits they have painted. Manet's freak, *At Father Lathuille's*, is readily forgiven for the sake of his speaking portrait of Antonin Proust, and Weertz's picture of Gustave Nadaud amply condones the hardness of his large canvas. Bertier, Coroënné, Alphonse Hirsch, and Emile Renard, also help to demonstrate that our epoch will range with the best, even if it should leave nothing but portraits.

Besnard, a fine colorist, has manifested strong dramatic feeling in *After a Defeat*, a terror-stricken populace fleeing before an invasion of Huns or Vandals. Guay's *Tullianum* does not seem so finely inspired. The artist, to become faultless, must give free play to his own individuality, which in his *Martyrdom of St. Pauline* is still too strongly influenced by the traditions of the school. Paul Robert, who last year was under the influence of the old Dutch masters, seems now to incline towards the neo-mystic school. He is feeling his way; let us hope he will find it. To be sure, a religious painting is a different thing from an archæological treatise, but why, in Mathey's otherwise meritorious *Last Supper*, anachronisms such as a boy of the time of Rubens turning over the leaves of a Gothic folio? What exquisite and mysterious feeling, what profound and restrained emotion, in Cazin's *Ismaël*! And the impress of lofty thought is apparent even in his *Tobias*, in the attire of a *pifferaro*, led by an

¹ Lack of space has made it necessary to condense this second half of the Salon report. — EDITOR.

angel in a modern dressing-gown. Gustave Courtois appears as a colorist in his *Dante and Virgil*, although Dante pictured hell in a higher and severer style. Wagrez, whose excellent portrait we have admired, has posed his *Orestes* as if he were to be painted by David, and the pursuing furies are simply the witches of Macbeth—translated by Ducis. Yet, underneath the surface, there is here a remarkable pictorial temperament, which will soon victoriously assert itself. Buland shows spirit and knowledge in *Lycenion and Daphnis*, while in his *Offering to God* he has manifested individual feeling and an eye for truth. In Foubert and Felix Lucas we find two other artists who would quickly succeed, if they could limit themselves to expressing that which is within them. Although Molin has endeavored to imitate the worn and smoky color of old canvases, he has not been able to obliterate the strongly expressive character of his *Kiss returned* to Judas by Satan. Moreau's *Death of La Tour d'Auvergne* is the work of a painter of power and knowledge. Of *Charlotte Cordays* there are several in one room. The palm is due to the one signed Aviat,

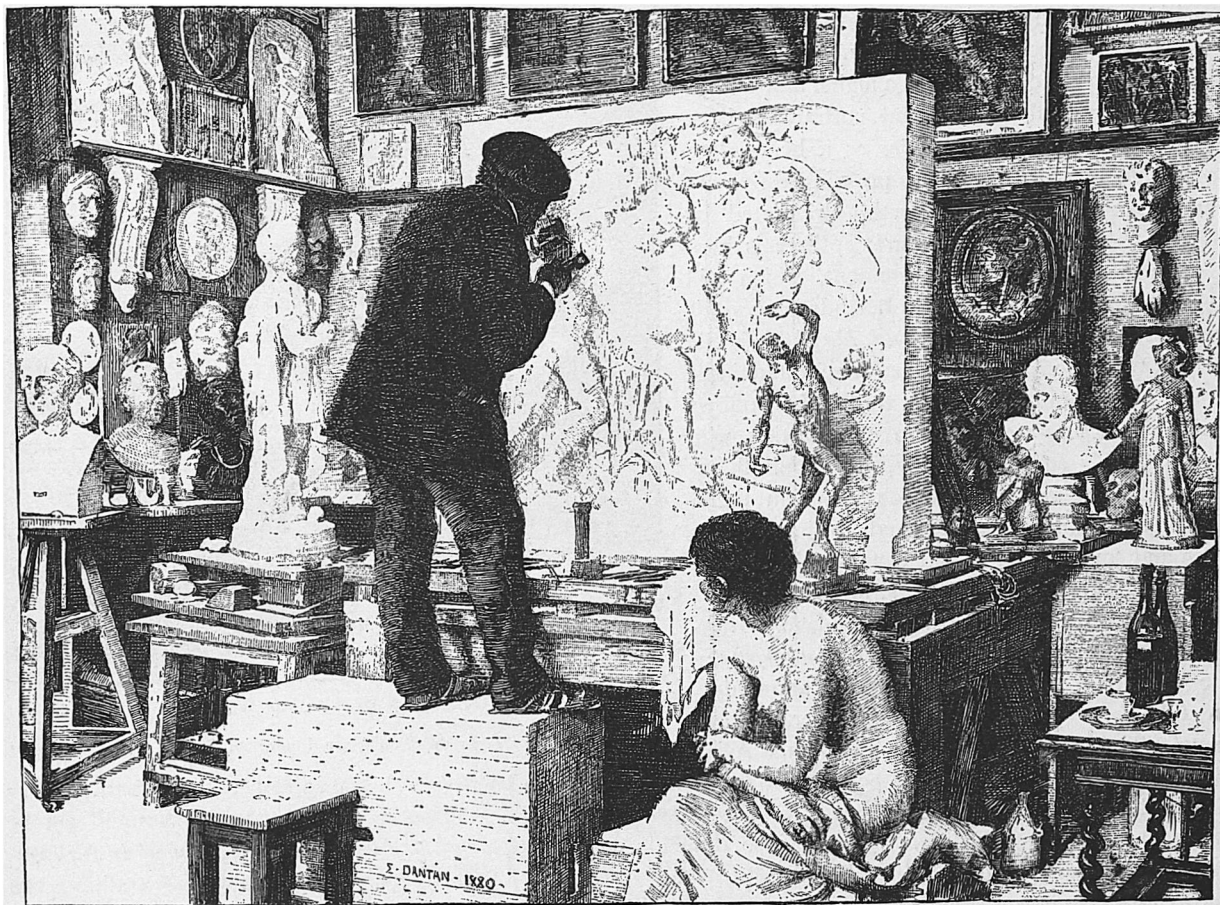


ORESTES. — BY JACQUES WAGREZ.

From the "Catalogue Illustré du Salon."

although the arrangement shows perhaps too much resemblance to Baudry's well-known canvas. If Albert Aublet's rich and brilliant *Meeting of Henry de Guise and Henry III.* were not an historical scene, it would yet be admirable as a genre painting. Very fine, also, dramatic, and well observed is *The Battalion formed in Square*, in which Le Blant has opposed a wild gang of Chouans to the Republican troops. — Much as we love truth, we can hardly conceive how decorative painting, into which the lines of the surrounding architecture resolve themselves as it were, can abandon itself to outspoken realism, without danger of appearing trivial. It is for this reason that we ask ourselves whether Médard's very sincere and interesting *Defence of Belfort* is really a decorative painting.

In his *Lesson before the Witches' Sabbath*, de Monvel has imparted life-like Venetian suppleness to the nude, and there is chaste coloring and solid workmanship in Chartran's *Mandore Player*. Such figures as Boetzel's *Bather* and Ballavoine's *Interrupted Sitting* exhibit the power of artists who may become historical painters at the first opportunity. With them ranks Villa's *Noble Lady*, sitting, falcon on hand, and Vély's grand composition *The Heart is awakening*. Last year Alexandre Hirsch exhibited a *Susanna*, which deserved a medal, and obtained an honorable mention. This year he sends *The Return of the Hadjis*, to whose luminous charms we would willingly yield, if we did not remember the *Susanna*. Is this one of the queer effects of privileged admission for life which is secured by the smallest reward? Does the *laisser-passer* lead to the *laisser-aller*? Is this to be taken as a sign of satisfied ambition, or as a symptom of discouragement? That would be so much the worse, as the artist is of a kind to deserve, if not to obtain, at the next Salon, a greater reward even than he deserved for his *Susanna*. — Jules Garnier's *Rabelais* is a merry scene; but his desire to please the crowd leads him away from the broad and rich style of last year's *Temptation*. Manet, on the contrary, in his *Father Lathuille*, does not seek success at the price of any concession. He condescends merely to inform us by means of the catalogue that the scene occurs "in the open air." Whether this be delicate attention or wise precaution, we owe him a thousand thanks for it, as if he had shown himself the uncompromising enemy of privileged admission. Edouard Dantan's *Studio Corner* is a piece of the choicest reality, while Béraud in his *Public Ball* and Victor Gilbert in his *Fishmarket* reveal themselves as powerful colorists. Pabst has depicted with genial humor the amazement of *Alsacian Peasants* at the elegance of a room into which they are shown by a servant. — A joke should be the affair of a moment. Hence a picture, which essays to be comical, usually produces an irritating and painful impression. Dagnan-Bouveret's previous contribution, *A Wedding at a Photographer's*, however brilliant, was no exception to the rule. To-day, in an *Accident*, he has struck a deeper key, and it is superfluous to say that he has known how to avoid sentimentality as well as triviality. *A Fire in a Village*, by Aimé Perret, is an harmonious work, showing conscientious study. — Ulysse Butin has most faithfully studied the characteristic features of seafaring people in his *Ex-Voto*, in which his coloristic qualities assert themselves as strikingly as in the *Return from Market*. Yet—but this is a question depending on individual opinion—would it not be better to remain exclusively pictorial, without disturbing the symphony of colors by any dramatic element? Eugène Feyen has not pretended to make anything but a painting of the *Return of the Fishing Boats of*



A STUDIO CORNER. — BY EDOUARD DANTAN.

From the "Gazette des Beaux-Arts."

Canal, but it is nevertheless full of fascination. — Henry Lerolle brings us back to *terra firma*: the shepherdess and the ploughman in his *In the Country* are truly grand and poetical in their mysterious simplicity, while the *Clover Mowers* of Julien Dupré are finely posed and harmoniously colored. Berthon's *Interior in the Mountains* and *Peasant of Châtelguyon* are likewise good, although perhaps somewhat less ample in treatment.

Le Marié des Landelle is a born landscape-painter. He conjures up before our eyes a dreamy *Evening* on the borders of a dormant pond, shaded by great, silent trees, and then, in a picture entitled *Snow*, opens the book of nature at another page, revealing to us the grim secrets of winter in all their gloominess. A transparent, silvery twilight is spread over the wooded plain to which Pointelin conducts us on an *Evening in September*, and in Dameron's *Farm at Kerlaven* the intense rays of the setting sun crown the trees with a ruddy glow. In Véron's *Fall Morning* we hear the reeds rustling in the breeze on the shores of the Navette, and in Auguin's *Across the Fields* we breathe the first fragrance of the dawning day. The conceptions of these painters are the fruit of contemplation, their talent is upheld by sincerity, and they never pretend to tell us what has not truly moved them. To the same group of courageous landscape-painters belong Colin, Defaux, Lefortier, and Appian. Two Venetian landscapes show Amédée Rosier to be a colorist, and de Monvel, whom we have mentioned before, paints two Arabs in striking relief *On the High Table-Lands of Algiers*. — Luigi Loir loves Paris, whose movable features he knows so well how to translate. He shows us *The Seine in December*, petrified between its banks and covered with a crowd of promenaders and sight-seers. Outin, another painter of Paris, takes us to the *Fall Races*, with their high life and sportsmen. — How is it that Lapostolet has never obtained another prize after the one medal decreed to him ten years ago? To be sure, prizes will never offer even an approximative standard for the worth of an artist, but, so long as the fiction is kept up, they ought to be proportioned according to talent with a greater appearance of exactitude. Like so many others who are regularly passed over, Lapostolet is an artist of convictions, who cannot be discouraged. Year after year such canvases as the *Port of Louviers* and the *Outer Port of Dunkirk* show that he pursues his aim, even though his most inspired works should never be favored with one glance of the jury. What does he care even if their indifference should be the result of some secret influence, — he, to whom the heavens and the ocean have revealed all their secrets? Vernier, in his *Sale of Shells at La Hougue*, has shown himself a painter of air and space, and Thiollet's *Departure of the Boats* displays a master's

hand in the movement of the towering waves, in spite of the rather uniform reddish tints of his sunset effect. Mme. La Villette's *Kourigans Cove* and *Fog Effect*, as well as Masure's *Norman Rock* and *Environs of Nice* are noticeable for their harmony of color, while Le Pic's fine canvases, *Return* and *The Ice-Blockade in the Loire*, breathe a feeling of deep melancholy. — There is a sculptural grandeur in *The Victorious Bull* of Camille Pâris, which makes it worthy of being cast in bronze. De Penne's *Hallali* shows us, in solid, truthful tones, a pack of



SALE OF SHELLS AT LA HOUGUE. — BY EMILE VERNIER.

From the "Catalogue Illustré du Salon."

hounds besetting a boar on a snowy day. — To be convinced that the painters of still-life and of flowers know thoroughly the secrets of color, it is sufficient to look at *Chardin's Larder* by Hippolyte Delanoy, *The Fish Vender* by Haquette, *The End of the Feast* by Dominique Rozier, Eugène Villain's poultry, and Jeannin's and Leclaire's flower-pieces.

NON-EXEMPTS. — We have now descended to the third circle of French painting, if approaching those before whom the future lies open may be called descending. This is the only division in which the jury was called upon to make a choice, and as they could not be expected to be more rigorous than many of the privileged artists were as regards their own works, it follows that the third section alone contains nearly as many canvases as the other two sections combined, that is to say, about two thousand. It is a veritable inundation, which, after it had filled twelve rooms from floor to ceiling, overflowed the open galleries towards the garden, trickled down the landings of the stairs, and poured even into the two western wings. But as, owing to skying and to the miserable light in the supplementary galleries, a great many of the pictures hung cannot by any possibility be seen, many of the artists for whose special benefit the leniency shown was supposed to have been exercised have come to think that no courtesy has been extended to them. Again this avalanche of canvases, and the inconveniences which it causes, have demonstrated the urgent need of some new system of exhibition. Let M. Turquet select the best from among the several plans proposed, and if it should ever be announced that the jury has ceased to exist, those artists will be the first to thank him who are threatened with the prospect of being made members of the next jury. Who would not shudder at the thought of being compelled to examine several thousand canvases twice in succession, — once for admission, and a second time for prizes?

This year the jury has thirty medals to give to painters.¹ The difficulty of parcelling them out among upwards of three thousand aspirants is not a small one; for there are not only those works about whose claims there can be no doubt, but there is also an inheritance of oversights of the year previous, for which reparation has to be made. Thus the superb *Thomas Becket* exhibited last year by Dawant, a rather zealous pupil of Laurens, may perhaps win favor for his *Merowig at the Tomb of St. Martin*, or *Henry IV. of Germany* humiliating himself before Gregory VII. Lesrel has deserved a reward ever since he painted the *Serenade to the Chief*. The tardy reparation will probably not be tendered on the strength of his *Entombment of Christ*, but it might be justified by his *Birth of the Great Condé*. The laurels of Duez are robbing Ravaut of his sleep. He sends a realistic painting of *The Resurrection of a Child by St. Benedict*, in which there are qualities, the absence of which relieved Duez's *St. Cuthbert* of all suspicion of religious art. Paul Pompon's large decorative canvas, *The Phœceans landing in Provence*, is fine in style and warm in color. Henry Motte's artistic temperament is vigorous enough without the emphasis he has given it in *Cæsar is Weary*. Roubaudi's *Children of Chlodomer* and Edouard Zier's *Odette and Charles VI.* are the works of good colorists. In Lionel Royer's fine *Daphne* we actually see the luminous flesh throbbing; but why is it that the Apollo in the same frame has not been touched by a more divine ray? Pagan tradition has also inspired Paul Tillier, Hanriot, Albert Edouard, Georges Hébert, and Gustave Popelin. The grand figures of modern poetry are interpreted by Gouvion-Saint-Cyr, in an expressive *Ophelia*, and by Eugène Habert, who with deep feeling pictures the catastrophe in *Hernani*.

¹ For the awards made by the jury see page 414 of the REVIEW. — EDITOR.

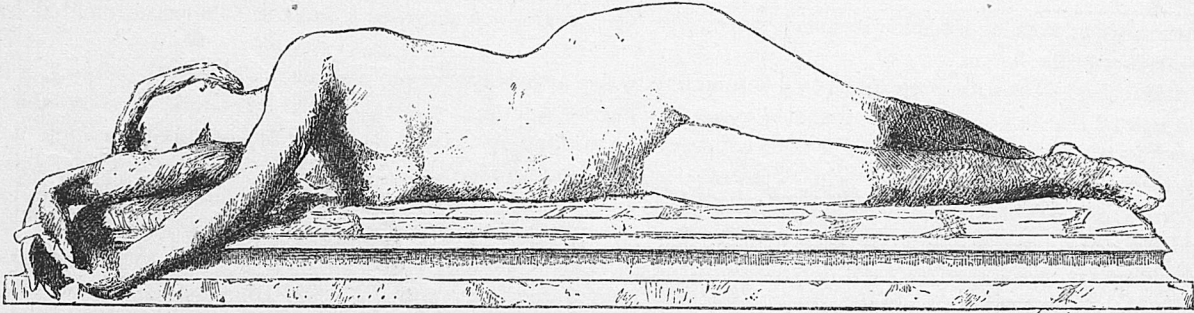
To this sober work he has added a small canvas, the *Kerchief*, which shows us a favorite sultana surrounded by the luxury of the harem.

If realism — or naturalism if you like — from day to day acquires more prominence in historical painting, it is but natural that in genre painting it should assert its influence still more strikingly. The anecdotic form in which several fashionable artists still treat it does not seem to tempt the new talents who have not acquired their full title to recognition. Grison's figural *Neglected Beard* and *Rebellious Curl*, Mlle. Jeanne Rongier's *Last Glance* and *Ambush*, and Jacomin's *Brawler* and *Junk-Dealer*, pretty nearly exhaust the list of canvases in which the painters have been successful in subjects of this kind. — That dreamy and aristocratic style of art which endeavors to counteract the rudeness and the excesses of modern frankness finds even fewer interpreters. Guès and Sarah Bernhardt are almost its only representatives, the latter with a *Young Girl and Death* of Dürer-like melancholy, which seems sometimes to recall the refined touch of the masters in its color and handling. The chief aim of the great majority of painters is to surprise nature in the act. Of this sort is *The Morning Soup*, by the thoroughly Parisian painter Goëneutte; Marius Michel's frightfully modern, dark-visaged woman sitting in the *café*, before her *Absinth*; Bompert's *Model Resting*, a very good study of the nude, and at the same time a declaration of war against all studied composition; and Gaston Latouche's *Conversation*. Sometimes those artists who prefer to paint Nature as they find her seize readily upon the picturesque, as Richemont in his *Monk*, Lelièvre in *A Blind Man at the Door of a Mosque*, and Bonneau in *A Maiden of the Tribe of Ouled Nail*. Occasionally, however, it may happen that our young genre painters condescend to dramatize a scene, as Rougeron, for example, thanks to whom we are present at the *Taking the Carmelite's Habit*. But the pictorial tendency, the study of the modulations of tones and of light, ought always to be placed above the desire to represent an idea or to illustrate a romance. Hence, Gill's *Drunken Man* and Pierre Carrier-Belleuse's *Pay-day*, which seem to represent scenes from a famous naturalistic novel, do not appeal so much to the refined connoisseur who asks only for the relations of tone and of color, as to that part of the public which takes an interest in the subject of a picture. — In *The Last Flowers* Haro gives us a thoroughly modern elegy; sporting life finds a careful delineator in Grandjean, and the genius of Millet and of Jules Breton has inspired Delpy, Georges Laugée, and Renouf. Renoir, the prophet of impressionism, offers us his harmonies of color, so fascinating in their singularity, in his *Sleeping Girl* and *Women Fishing for Clams*.

The canvases of Mlle. Louise Abbema always breathe life and freshness. Her portrait of Mlle. Baretta and her *Amazon* are both marvels of truth and light. But there would be no end to the list of names if all the portrait-painters had to be mentioned who, like Pierre Huas, Edouard Zier, Mme. Hélène Luminais, Mlle. Berthe Delorme, Mlle. Amélie Lacazette, Mlle. Noémi Guillaume, Mlle. Clémence Richey, Bakalowicz, Daux, Bartholomé, Georges Roussin, and Dumouchel, excel in female portraits. Among male portraits, those by Jacques Gay, Paillet, Meslé, a truthful portrait of Louis Blanc, by Pierre Dupuis, and, above all, the splendid rendering of M. Dentu, by Aclocque, deserve special mention.

Of excellent landscapes there is a plenty. Hareux, in a *Kitchen Garden*, and d'Adelsward, in the *Pond des Préaux*, appear as the painters of twilight; Matifas, Galerne, Péraire, and Durst reveal the picturesque charm of the environs of Paris; de Sabran fills his canvases with air; Cesson paints real light and misty atmosphere. All these painters are true lovers of nature, and so are Baillet, Clayton, Paul Lecomte, Jobard, Nozal, Dien, Thénot, Etienne Martin, Charles Frère, Boudier, Tancrede Abraham, Huault-Dupuy, Montenard, Guilmard, and Sauvaige. The rapid sketches of Boudin are true impressions in their discretely pale coloring; Paillard and Auguste Flameng, on the contrary, seek and find their effects in the play of opulent tints. — There are many other attractive pictures, such as Mlle. Louise Lalande's solidly painted and life-like *Dogs*, Jourdan's harmonious *Flock*, and Mme. Cazin's *Donkeys at Liberty*. The flowers of Quots, of Mlle. Louise Desbordes, and of David dazzle by their brilliancy. Forêt, François Martin, Parisy, Joseph Bail, Henry Rovel, Eugène Claude, Mlle. Sabine Méa, and Mme. Prevôt-Roqueplan represent still-life in the marvellous relief of reality.

SCULPTURE. — Of Greek art we have hardly anything left but statues. Hence, the influence of Greek art will always be more apparent in sculpture than in painting. The sculptor whose work does not represent a pagan theme seems to be a fantastic, and he who ventures to express what he sees is looked upon as a bold innovator. Nevertheless, inexorable as tradition may be, the artist cannot always lock out the modern world altogether. Unexpected revolts and strange contradictions are sometimes the result. Thus Falguière's *Eve*, which by common consent is considered the masterpiece of the Salon, is clearly of our own age, and although she is thoroughly imbued with the purity of antique character, there is a certain inexpressible reflection of modern grace in the figure, which robs her of the grandeur ascribed in our thoughts to the mother of the human race. Several statues attempt to be entirely Grecian, as, for instance, the *Diana* of Marqueste, Deloye's *Psyche*, Boucher's *Venus*, Laoust's *Zephyr*, and Chrétien's *Flora and Zephyr*. But in all these works an exuberance of feeling is fermenting, a desire for utterance, against which the respect due to style and severity of line protests in vain. Much more antique are those statues which are not inspired by anything above terrestrial life, such as Gaudes's *Mower*, Enderlin's *Ball Player*, Schoenewerck's *Frondeur*, and Cornu's *Le Ricochet*. In these works, as well as in

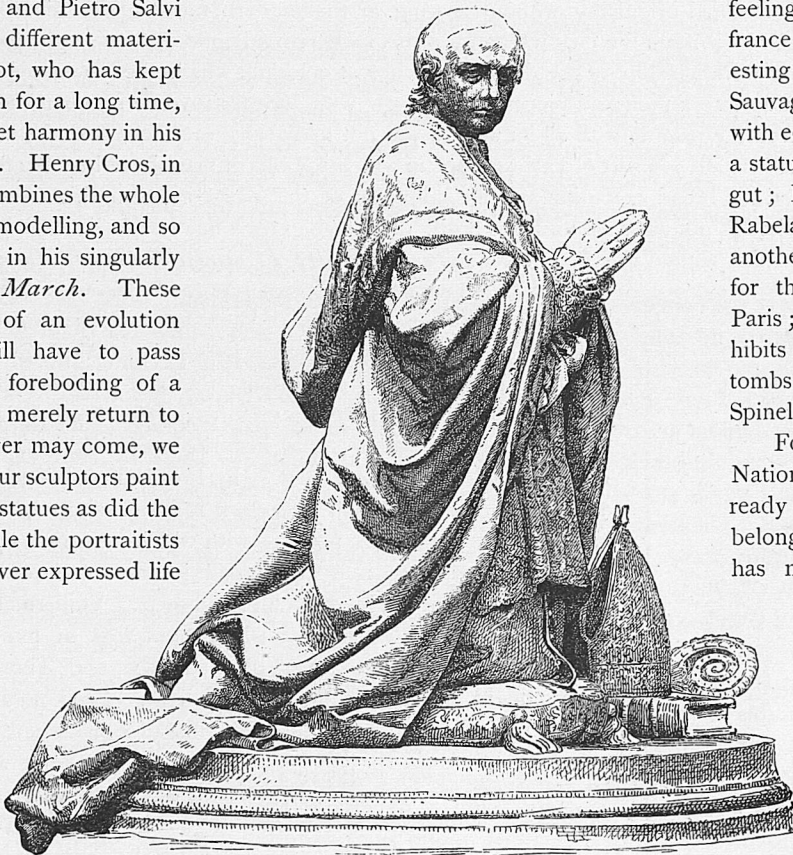


BIBLIS CHANGED TO A SPRING. — BY A. SUCHETET.

From the "Gazette des Beaux-Arts."

Moreau's *Drinking Faun*, and Becquet's *Faun playing with a Pantheress*, tradition is vivified by a feeling for nature. Sometimes statuary is made to express an allegory, and endeavors to give tangible form to an abstract idea; but frequently the antique form gets out of joint when a modern idea is to be expressed. Our sculptors seem most at ease when they simply borrow the technical treatment of the ancients, and play truant in a less explored field. Thus Mercié has made an exquisitely elegant statuette of *Judith*, and Aizelin a fine statue of *Mignon*. The more daring even plunge into realism, — elegant in Saint-Marceaux's *Harlequin*, jovial in Gatti's *Cat and Mouse*, rustic in Lambeaux's *Poor Blind Man*. But in these works we feel already the presentiment of a new formula, of an æsthetic code which is endeavoring to assume shape and to render account of itself. Possibly something will result from Osbach's monstrous and highly dramatic *Cain*, and hope is inspired by the true originality and the primitive character shown in the works of Rodin. — To sum up: — The coloristic and emotional fever which prevails among the painters seems about to seize the sculptors. David d'Angers, Préault, Carpeaux, were by nature colorists.

Cordier, Guillemin, and Pietro Salvi seek color by using different materials; Jacques Maillot, who has kept aloof from the Salon for a long time, finds a more discreet harmony in his colored terra-cottas. Henry Cros, in his reliefs in wax, combines the whole scale of color with modelling, and so does Désiré Ringel in his singularly life-like *Rakoczy March*. These are evident signs of an evolution which sculpture will have to pass through. Has it a foreboding of a new ideal, or will it merely return to its origin? Whatever may come, we shall doubtless see our sculptors paint their bas-reliefs and statues as did the Greeks. — Meanwhile the portraitists in sculpture have never expressed life better than Saint-Marceaux, Clésinger, Franceschi, Mlle. Bernhardt, Mercié, Gémito, Paul Dubois, Carles, and the two Ringels, or than Soldi, whose statue of a little violinist



MSGR. LANDRIOT. — BY G. J. THOMAS.

From the "Gazette des Beaux-Arts."

bears the imprint of a lively feeling for nature. — Lafrance contributes an interesting statue of Frédéric Sauvage; Saint-Gaudens, with equal talent, has made a statue of Admiral Farragut; Dumaige, a statue of Rabelais, for Tours; Barrias, another of Bernard Palissy, for the Hôtel-de-Ville of Paris; and Dumilâtre exhibits the bronzes for the tombs of Sivel and Croce-Spinelli.¹

FOREIGN PAINTERS. — National vanity is but too ready to pocket that which belongs to Cæsar, if Cæsar has not taken the precaution to have his coin stamped with his image. Thus, when a foreign painter has had the courtesy to send his works to our exhibition for some years, a mutual sympathy springs up, and

¹ The report curiously omits all mention of *Biblis changed to a Spring*, by Suchetet, which received the Prix du Salon, and of Thomas's *Statue of Msgr. Landriot*, to which was awarded the Medal of Honor. — EDITOR.



THE BATTLE OF GRÜNWALD (JULY 15TH, 1410).—BY J. MATEJKO.

From the "Catalogue Illustré du Salon."

we gradually come to consider him as our own. This is absurd, and if the new arrangement had no other result than to prevent this, it would still do us good service. But, besides limiting our vanity to feeling honored by the importance they attach to our opinion, it also gives us a better chance to make comparisons between the work of foreign artists and our own. And the first glance is sufficient to convince us that, if French art at the present moment exercises a notable influence on certain foreign schools, the strength shown on either side is about equal.

The enormous canvas which fills a whole panel in the first room is the work of one of the few painters who carefully preserve their national originality, without sharing in the modern movement. Matejko is a Slav. His *Battle of Grunwald*, which bears the characteristics of his race, reminds one of the song of the *Nibelungen*,—nothing of the luxuriant workmanship, of the delicate touches of coloring, which the young schools are so fond of. It is all hard, wild, cut up into a thousand pieces that struggle with and destroy one another because none of them is willing to yield. Even the palette, with all its wealth, will not make any sacrifice, and the result of an assemblage of masterly treated details is a sort of kaleidoscope in which the bits of glass have become fixed forever.—Van Beers has fully accepted the broad execution and the limpidity of the new-comers in his *Charles V.*, which he contrasts as to size, although not as to the brilliant lustre of coloring, by a marvellous little picture called *A Summer Evening*. Lira has painted the *Interview between Philip II. and the Grand Inquisitor* in a power-



AN OFFERING OF AMBERGRIS.

By J. S. SARGENT.

From the "Catalogue Illustré du Salon."

ful and luminous scale; Liphart represents *Science* in the shape of a nude woman of Titianesque beauty; Palmaroli's *Blanca of Castile* recalls the coloring of Ary Scheffer and Paul Delaroche. Alma-Tadema—always profound and mysterious—represents the well-worn subject of *The Seasons* in four strange but powerful pictures; Jules Girardet's *Episode of the Siege of Saragossa* is a true historical painting in a small frame; *The General of the Chinese Army*, by Brozik, is striking in relief, but too dry and loud in color; Hynais's *Samson* is rather labored, but he makes amends in a delightful, luminous portrait, with which we must open another series. Giron's portraits are rich and broad in treatment, and this is true also of Edelfelt's portrait of M. Koechlin-Schwartz. Vuillermet has the rare talent of being able to give high finish without loss of luminosity. Lehmann exhibits a female head of a very Parisian type, and Thorell sends a fair and fresh modern figure, modelled in full light. Erpikum's portrait of Henry Houssaye is imbued with life, thought, and character.

Van Hove's *Learned Amateur*, a marvel of terse workmanship, would be a masterpiece if it did not raise a suspicion that it desires to imitate Holbein. Uhde's characteristic *Singer* looks as if it were painted with Casanova's palette, lightly touched by Ribot. Jimenez-Aranda has lavished the spirit and coloring of Fortuny on his *Bull Fight*, and even more so on the *Bibliophiles*. *The Hero of the Festival*, a monk made over by Casanova to the rosy nails of the most malicious devils, is fascinating and humorous in its dazzling touches of color and flashes of light. In

An Offering of Ambergris, John S. Sargent causes all the tones of the silvery scale to play around an Oriental woman, veiled in quite a sculpturesque style. *An Ascension in the Year VIII.*, by Kaemmerer, is a flower-garden of silky textures and fresh smiles. The canvases of Mirallès-Darmanin, Moreno - Carbonero, Linder, Tauretto, Walter Gay, Luis Jimenez, Boldini, Kuehl, Birger, Garrido, Hermans, and Zuber-Buhler add their sparks to this ensemble of splendor and radiancy. *The Courtier* is a solid and correct picture by Alfred Collins. Mosler, an American with a truly French palette, assembles his Bretons in a village store for the purchase of *The Wedding Dress*.



THE WEDDING DRESS. — BY HENRY MOSLER.

From the "Catalogue Illustré du Salon."

Dress. — The *Embarkation at Morocco* and *The Gate of the Old Fondak*, by E. L. Weeks, the Byzantine façade before which Passini has gathered his *Circassian Horsemen*, and Kowalski's *Caucasians Reconnoitring*, are all illuminated by the warm rays of the southern sun. A golden, liquid atmosphere surrounds Bridgman's *Nomad Tents* and his women weaving the burnous in *An Arab Habitation*.

The Northern painters excel, of all others, in episodes of rustic and maritime life. Edelfelt's *Funeral of a Child in Finland* is striking in expression, and fine in color. Kroyer, a Dane, has thrown the laughter of a ray of sunlight into the limpid half-tints of *A Sardinière*. In Holland, where the young schools maintain their rank by the side of the old masters, Bisschopp paints the poetry of sorrow in the *Death of a Child*, and Anthonissen that of field-work in his *Potato Gatherers*. The Swedes also are painters of space and airiness. Hagborg's *Seaweed Gatherers*, Salmson's *Poppy Beaters*, and Smith-Hald's *Steamboat Landing* and *Winter Evening* produce a vivid impression of reality. It seems almost as if the knowledge of all the secrets of the palette were in-born with the Swedes, so far as the painting of forest and sea is concerned. In landscape and marine they are all masters. Wahlberg's *Evening on the Island of Waderon*, Skanberg's *Drydock at Dordrecht* and sunset on *The Coast of Scania*, Lindstrom's *Moonlight*, Gegerfelt's *Shore at Skagen*, Ekstrom's *Forest of Fontainebleau*, — all these are proof of it. — Among the Dutch and Belgians, Mesdag and Robert Mols are remarkable for their bright, animated marines; Coosemans, Xavier de Cock, and Cæsar de Cock, for their fresh, attractive landscapes. Palizzi sheds Italian sunlight on goats browsing on briers; de Wylie, a Russian, gives an impression of reality



AN ARAB HABITATION AT BISKRA. — BY F. A. BRIDGMAN.

From the "Catalogue Illustré du Salon."

in a narrow street which loses itself in the darkness of night ; and, finally, from the four quarters of the globe come W. L. Picknell, d'Aquila, Scott, Isenbart, Schenck, and Jones, to tell us that there is no lack of active talent to interpret the eternal poetry of nature in its lustrous splendor, as well as in its deep, mysterious stillness.

In our hasty walk through the Salon of 1880 we have been allowed to cast a glance on many works which bear the stamp of the born artist. Many other pictures and sculptures ought to have been briefly noticed, but the enumeration would have been endless. If the works of the masters no longer dominate those by which they are surrounded, as in the time of the regretted Salons of the past, it is because now-a-days all those who hold a modelling stick or a brush have something in their souls which they desire to communicate to you. We listen willingly to their speech, even if as yet it be only stammering, for to-morrow it may become the messenger of a striking truth.

FRÉDÉRIC DE SYÈNE. (In *L'Artiste*.)



GRANDMOTHER.—BY L. A. LHERMITTE.

From the "Gazette des Beaux-Arts."

SALON OF 1880.